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THE LAST HOURS OF MICHAEL SERVETUS.

"THE first that I could ever find," says Dr. Wotton, "who had a distinct idea of this matter" (the circulation of the blood) "was *Michael Servetus*, a Spanish physician, who was burnt for Arianism at Geneva in 1553. Well had it been for the church of Christ if he had wholly confined himself to his own profession. His sagacity in this particular, so much before in the dark, gives us great reason to believe that the world might then have had just cause to bless his memory."

Servetus, the contemporary of John Calvin, lived in an age of comparative theological darkness and much bitter persecution, as his own death testifies; yet his mind appears to have been free from not a few of the prejudices and evils of his time. His view of human freedom from ecclesiastical interference and bondage is well expressed in his own words: "That the persecution of a man for the doctrine of Scripture, or from any question arising from it, is a *new invention*, unknown to the apostles and their disciples, and to the ancient church." After being admitted Doctor of Medicine in Paris, and having professed mathematics in the Lombard College, he was invited by the Archbishop of Vienna, a lover of learned men, to that city. He deplored the corruption of doctrine which had been introduced into the Christian church, and wrote a book on the "*Restitution of Christianity*." This was a purely Unitarian view of God and Christ, which subjected him to much persecution. He was taken prisoner at Vienna, but escaped from the prison and fled towards Naples. After his escape he and his books were condemned to be burnt on a slow fire. In passing through Geneva he was caught, by the assistance and craft of Calvin, and

cast into prison. His arrest there has always been considered as a gross violation of justice and hospitality. He was brought to trial and condemned to be burnt alive for his Unitarian opinions. John Calvin had a full share in his prosecution and conviction. Roman Catholics and Protestants joined together to put him to a cruel death.

During the few weeks previous to his death he was kept in a state of filth and almost nakedness. He had been previously robbed of his money and valuables by the officials. He implored the magistracy of the town to relieve his miserable condition, and "not deny him the justice they would allow to a *Turk*." Part of his sentence, read to him to comfort him, runs—"Desiring to clear the church of God from such an infection, and to cut off such a rotten member, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, we condemn thee to be bound and burnt alive with thy books, and thus thou shalt end thy days to give an example to others who would do the like." After this he was taken out to the place in Geneva called *Champel*, and fastened to a post and burnt alive on the 27th of October, 1553.

The last dying speech of this martyred Unitarian, which had been committed to writing, is a noble and manly defence of his position, and a refutation of the charge of being regarded as a blasphemer. On the grounds of reason and scripture he vindicated his position with great fulness, clearness and force. The death of Servetus was only a temporary triumph of John Calvin in Geneva, for that city this very day would not so freely provide a pulpit for the persecutor Calvin, while Servetus would be honoured with the service of the large cathedral of Geneva, from which almost every shred of Calvinism has been excluded.

A TALE OF OLDEN TIME.

BY BEATRICE A. JOURDAN.

SIT thee down, lass, sit thee down; I'm right glad to see thee, for I have been sitting here alone all day, alooking for faces in the fire, and thinking of times gone by. 'Tis threescore years this very day since my honoured mother died. Ah! she was a rare good woman, and, albeit Master Foxe hath not put her name down in his brave book (at which I do something marvel), yet was she as true a martyr as any that did suffer at the stake. Why it was my father should seem to hate her, I in my early years could nowise understand; but those were grievous times, wench,—times when a man's heart was often turned against the wife of his bosom,—and he, being himself a stout Papist (though he had dissembled somewhat in sweet King Edward's reign), did hold her verily accursed.

Well do I remember how one evening, after I had laid down to rest, my father came into the room, and seizing a book from my mother's hand, smote her with it on the head, and afterwards did cast it into the fire. I screeched out at seeing my mother struck, nor would I be quieted till, she coming to me, did lay her cheek against mine, and whispered, "Peace, Jack, peace! I am not hurt, silly child"—which, sure, if an untruth, was scarce registered as such in heaven. Methinks her marvellous patience made my father something ashamed, for he, saying only, "Molly, I'll serve thee worse if ever I do find thee reading that ill book again," did presently go out, to drown care, as he was wont to do, at the ale-house. She then, first looking at me, and thinking I had fallen asleep, did withdraw the Bible, for it was no other, from the flames, and kissing it very reverently, hid it behind some faggots in the chimney corner, and then betook herself to carding wool, singing low the while, in a voice that did something falter, "Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul, and why art thou so disquieted within me? Put thy trust in God, for I will yet give Him thanks for the help of His countenance." All this did perplex me greatly, and the while I was pondering over it I fell asleep.

Of the next day I remember nought, nor of many days following, save only that of an evening, after I was abed, she, my father being out, would take the half-burnt book from its hiding-place, and read in it very diligently, though if so much as a mouse ran along the wall she would start and make ready for to put it away. But, alack! wench, there came a night when I, unable any longer to contain myself, did say, "Mother, mother, what book is that thou art reading?" "Peace, Jack!" quoth she, turning round, and hiding the book behind her; "'tis not for thee to ask questions. Go to sleep, I bid thee." "But, mother," said I, waxing bolder, "father says 'tis a bad book—is it, mother?" "Nay, Jack," says she, "'tis God's most holy Word, and I love it more than all the world besides." "Mother," said I, "if I could read it, should I love it likewise?" She answered "Yea, she verily hoped I should." Whereupon I, after some ado, did prevail on her to read to me out of this most precious book; and she choosing the sweet story of the raising of Lazarus, we both of us so greatly delighted thereon, that we forgot all cause for fear, till on a sudden there burst in upon us my father, his countenance white with rage. "What art doing, woman?" he cried in a voice of thunder. "What hast thou in thy hand that thou wouldst fain hide? Shew it me, I say—shew it me!" "'Tis my Bible, good master," says she, dropping on her knees before him. "Forgive me; I did save it from the flames; and our Jack being wakeful, I was reading him a little story therefrom." "What, thou ill woman," he said, "wouldst thou make of my son a vile heretic? Nay, but thou shalt not, I tell thee. Get up, and leave my house this moment, or I'll send for the constable and have thee carried before the Bishop." Howbeit she did not move; so he, raising her from her knees and throwing her cloak around her, did most cruelly and mercilessly drag her towards the door, she weeping all the while, and stretching out her hands to me. I, jumping up, ran to her, and strove to throw mine arms about her neck; but my father drove me away, and taking her by the shoulders thrust her out into the cold

dark night. Then he bade me lay me down again; the which, being in rare terror of him, I did without so much as daring to lift up my voice on my mother's behalf. I shall never forget that night—no, not till my dying day. It was exceeding wild and stormy, and the wind roared round the house with a mighty sound; but ever and anon, betwixt the gusts, we could hear my mother knocking, knocking at the door and crying out most pitifully, "Let me in, good master—for our child's sake, let me in!" But, alack! she got no answer; and when morning came, and my father, his fury being spent, went somewhat early to open the door, lo! she was gone. He then, repenting him of his barbarity, did go about the village seeking her, and inquiring for her at her neighbours' houses. But find her he could not, nor learn any tidings of her, save only that one Roger the blacksmith did aver that he, returning late from Litchfield fair, saw, or thought he saw, her making towards the river. So it was bruited abroad that she, driven to madness by her husband's cruelty, had drowned herself—for which sad end most of the village folk did pity her, she being, despite her heresy, greatly beloved. Grieve for her I did myself as truly as ever child could grieve, and often o' nights would I lie awake thinking I did hear her knocking at the door; yet it must needs be owned that I did not waste or pine away, or lose my love for boyish sports. Neither did I trouble myself as to matters of faith, but went to mass, and joined in the Popish processions just as they bade me, though I did desire very greatly to know something more concerning the Bible.

Eight months or thereabouts had passed away, when one evening my father says to me, "Jack, hast a mind to go with me to Litchfield to-morrow?" To which with rare good will I answered, "Yes." "Then," says he, "I'll take thee to see something. But thou must be up betimes, for we shall have to start at cock-crowing." Now, Litchfield, thou must know, wench, is a fair town about seven miles from my native village. I had ne'er been there but thrice afore, and was well pleased at the thought of going; specially as I made sure we were to see

some marvellous brave sight. It was almost dark, next morn, when we set out upon our way; but the stars (which must be, I take it, sparks of fire kindled every night for to light our earth) went out one by one, and we saw the three fair towers of Litchfield cathedral standing up dark against the brightening sky, and long before we had gotten nigh the town, the lark was singing his matins high above our heads, filling the air with sweet music. I remember looking up at him till I made my head almost dizzy, and wondering much whether, if I could soar up like him, I should get to heaven at last, and see the angels a-playing on their harps, and the saints wearing their crowns of gold. Ah! 'twas a rare morning—such a morning as, I take it, thou hast ne'er seen, lass; we have none such now-a-days; our summers are all so cold; yes, it was in truth a most fair and ravishing morning, and one for which we might indeed well praise God. By seven of the clock we, having left behind us the flat green fields, came upon an open space in the outskirts of the town, where was gathered together a throng of people, mostly of the poorer sort. Among them I did note divers fruiterers with horse-loads of ripe plums, which the women and children were buying, seeking to beguile the time by eating; for, as I now divined, they were waiting for that same fine sight we had come ourselves to see. "Father," says I, touching his arm, "is the Queen to pass this way?" But scarce were the words out of my mouth when there arose a mighty stir and shouting among the people. I knew not wherefore, till I saw, coming slowly towards us from the town, a cart laden with a stake and sundry bundles of reeds. "Oh, father!" cried I, changing my tone, "sure it is not a burning we've come to see?" "Yea, lad," he answered. "An obstinate heretic, Mistress Joyce Lewis by name, is to be burnt at yon stake, which seemingly they're going to set up just over against us; so if we stand here we shall see it all right well." "Oh, but, father," cried I, "I cannot bear to look at it!"—and anon I fell a roaring so loudly, that an ancient country-woman, standing hard by us, did to console me give me a

plum, saying the while, "Poor lad! he's ne'er afore seen a burning, I take it?" "No," says my father, "nor so much as a hanging." "Marry, then," says she, "no marvel if he's something chicken-hearted. There's a score or more I've seen in my day, hangings and burnings both, yet I was almost loth to come hither to-day, seeing 'tis a gentlewoman who is to suffer." "Gentlewoman or no," says my father, "she doth richly deserve her fate, and is no more to be pitied for the same than a poor woman." "May be not," says the dame, "yet hers is a hard case. They say her husband at her first citation didst bail her, and many thought he would have forfeited the bail and got her safe out of the country: howbeit, he did not, but contrariwise took her himself to the Bishop—which, sure, was a most unnatural thing." At this my father moved uneasily, and withal says to me, "Boy, what art staring at me for?" To which I, in sore terror for my ears (they having often smarted under his heavy hand), did in great haste make answer, "Nay, but I was not staring at him at all." "Yes, thou wast," says he, "and if thou e'er dost so again I'll make thee remember it. But now, Jack, come with me; 'tis dull work tarrying here. Let's away into the town, while they're setting up the stake, and maybe we shall meet the procession." I, not daring to say him nay, did follow him, and we at the further end of the town came upon the good martyr who was just setting forth on her sad way. She was a noble woman to look at, and at first she did walk with a firm step; but after we had joined the procession, she having lain long in prison and being unaccustomed to the fresh air, turned something faint, so that they were fain to send to the house of the under-sheriff for some drink. A cup of wine being brought her, she taking it in her hands said aloud that she did drink to such of the bystanders as did love the gospel unfeignedly. Whereupon some among the throng pressed round her, and two or three women drank with her, and then made off like frightened hares, pulling their hoods over their faces that they might not be seen. "Fie on them, the jades!"

cries my father; "would you let them go?"—and he with his own hands strove to catch hold of one of the women, who being something lame could not run so fast as the rest. But she, being favoured by the press, made good her escape, and he would not waste time with pursuing her.

As to that which followed, maid, I shall say nought about it, save only that I was made to see it all even to the end. It was very fearful, but, thank God! it was soon over, and the brave martyr passed away, as it were, in her robe of fire straight to the gate of heaven. The foul deed being done, the people began very speedily to disperse to their own homes; but my father and I returned to the town, purposing to refresh ourselves at the Swan inn. On our way thither we, glancing down a by-street, chanced to see before us the self-same lame woman who had drank with Mistress Lewis. She was still much muffled up about the head, but we knew her again by her gait, though she, by the help of a crutch, was now walking with some swiftness. "Have after her, Jack!" cries my father; "thou hast more breath in thy body than I" (and in truth he was something stout and thick)—"have after her, boy, and see if thou canst find out where she dwells. If so be thou dost, we may rid the place of another heretic. Off with thee; I'll tarry for thee at the corner of this street." I disliked the work, nevertheless I did obey, and, like a very blood-hound, away I went, tracking the most innocent woman through lanes and alleys till I saw her enter a mean house, the door of which was standing open. Then, taking good note of the place, I returned to my father, who straightway carried me to the proper authorities for to give information against this new heretic. They were at first unwilling to hearken to us, but the upshot of the matter was that a constable was sent to apprehend her, I shewing him the way. When we had gotten nigh to the house, the constable bade me go in boldly at the open door, telling me to feign myself a poor country lad come to crave a cup of water, "for," says he, "if the woman do see only you, young master, she will not

be afraid to shew herself; and while you are holding her in parley, I will step in and make her my prisoner." Shame on me, lass! I, well pleased to be called "young master," did stoop to the most mean part he bade me play. But, ah me! I was sorely punished; for scarce had I set foot across the threshold, when a great and exceedingly joyful cry did pierce mine ears, and lo! two fond arms were about my neck, and a sweet voice said, betwixt laughing and sobbing, "My child! do I see thee again?—my own dear beloved child!" At the first I stood as though thunderstruck, but soon did say, trembling exceedingly, "Oh mother, art thou lame—is it thee?—art thou lame?" "Yea, somewhat, dear child," says she; "but what matters my lameness now? I can think of nought but of my great joy in seeing thee again. How didst thou come hither, love? Was it to see me? Methought, a while ago, I saw thy father." "Yes, yes," said I, "and we saw thee, but we did not think thou couldst be lame." "Why," cries she, something smiling, "thou canst think of nought but my lameness, Jack; yet 'tis no such mighty matter. That sad night, when thy father turned me out of doors, I sat me down by the wayside, and, the wind being exceeding high, was taken with a great cold in my limbs, so that I have ne'er walked well since. I verily believe I should have died at the time, had not a good and most truly Christian man (albeit a Papist) stopped, as he was passing by, to take me on his horse. He brought me hither to his wife, and I have lived with them ever since, supporting myself as best I could; for I dared not return home, sweet life, lest I should bring trouble to thee. But now, tell me, hath thy father softened towards me? Hath he sent thee here?" Alack! as she was thus speaking most sweetly and tenderly, the constable came in at the door. "Well, lad," saith he, laying his hand on my mother's arm, "be this the woman of whom you spoke? Answer me, yes or no?" "You shall not touch her; she is my mother; you shall not touch her!" I cried, and in impotent rage ran at him, butting him with my head, and striving with all my

little strength to fell him to the earth. Howbeit, he standing as firm as a rock did only stare at me. "Be ye mad, boy?" says he. "Your mother, forsooth!—a likely story. Come, mistress, you come along with me, for you be my prisoner, and here's the warrant." At this my mother wrung her hands. "Alas! cries she," what have I done? Jack, Jack, sure thou hast not come here for to do me harm." "Nay, nay, no great harm, I warrant," says the constable; "you will but be put to some light penance." "Nay, but for what?" saith she. "Marry," says he, "to teach you never again to drink to a heretic, as you did to-day to old dame Lewis. 'Tis vain to deny it, mistress, for this lad here, and his father too, did see you." "O Jack!" cries my mother, "that thou shouldst betray me!"—and without another word she falls swooning to the ground. Then, in truth, I was like one distracted, and can remember nought of what followed, save only that some neighbours came running-in, summoned, as I take it, by the constable, who knew not how to bring his prisoner to her wits again. For my own part, I verily believed that she was dead, and could scarce restrain my joy when she opened her eyes and began once more to look about her; but, oh, lass! it was very sad; for after she had smiled very gently and forgivingly at me, and had said she hoped from her heart the good folks of the house (who were absent at a merry-making) would in nowise fall into trouble through her, she gave herself up without more ado to the constable, and was by him carried away to prison, her friends following her with tears and great lamentations. As for me, I returned in sore grief and distress to my father, who, when he found he had in very deed been the means of betraying his own faithful wife, did shew by his countenance that he was greatly troubled. Nevertheless, it angered him to see me weep for her. "Tush, boy!" saith he; "no real harm, I tell thee, will befall her. It will cure her of her heresy, I warrant thee, to see the inside of a jail, and when she gets free we'll have her home again, and make much of her; for, in truth, she'd be a good woman an it were not for her

ill faith." We went back to our own home that night, but at the end of a sen'night returned to Litchfield and took up our abode for some days at the Swan, purposing to remain there until we should see how matters would go with my mother. She, we learnt, was exceeding obstinate, refusing not only to do penance for having drunk to Mistress Lewis, but furthermore declaring that she herself did desire the abolishment of Popery. My father on hearing this was very wroth, and in order to bring her to her senses he counselled that none of her friends should be suffered to see her or to bring her money; to further which end she was presently removed from the common jail to a most noisome hole in the house of one of the prebends, where she very strictly was guarded. The thought of her pining there so wrought on me, that one morning, leaving the inn very early (my father being still fast asleep and snoring), I did walk up and down the prebend's house, seeking if by any means I might find out where she lay. Not a soul was stirring and all was exceeding quiet, but by and by I did hear a low voice sing a psalm that I knew right well. Whereupon I with a beating heart looked over a pale, and saw about three feet therefrom, and almost level with the ground, a grated window, through which it seemed the sweet sounds came. "Mother!" I said very joyfully—"mother!" Still the voice went on singing, "Why art thou so vexed, and why art thou so disquieted within me?" "Mother!" I said again—"mother!" On a sudden the singing ceased, and I heard instead a joyful cry, "What, Jack! art thou there? The window is so high I cannot see thee." "Mother!" said I, "be they starving thee?" "Nay," says she right cheerfully, albeit I knew by her voice that she wept, "I have three farthings a day to live on—two for my bread and one for my drink, and with that I can well suffice." "Nay, but," quoth I, "that is sorry fare; and art thou not very lonesome here?" "No," says she, "for the Lord is with me. Oh, Jack! put thy trust in Him." I knew not what to say to this, so I did turn the talk to other matters, asking her when she was like to get free from prison. "In God's

good time," said she. "I am well content to wait, but can do nought against conscience, for only that would separate me from Him." I could not understand her words, and learning that her jailer had left her for a little space for to ring the cathedral bells, I made off with all speed to the town, and finding a baker's shop already open, did purchase a little loaf, and placing in the centre of the same a silver groat of Philip and Mary, which my godfather had given me, I returned with it to my mother's dolorous prison, and passed it to her through the grated window by the help of a long stick. From that time forward I went every morning to visit her, to the great comfort of us both. But, woe's me! a day did come when she was removed from this noisome hole to the self-same prison where her friend Mistress Lewis had lain; for she, having been thrice examined by the Bishop, and persisting, as he did affirm, in divers strange and most grievous heresies, was in her turn delivered to the secular arm for to be burnt at the stake.

The evening before her execution she sent for my father and me, desiring that we would tarry with her all night to cheer her with our company and our prayers, as certain of her godly friends likewise purposed doing. Ah me! 'twas a doleful meeting: how she and my father did greet each other, I know not; for myself, the sight of her wan face cut me to the heart, and I could only cast myself at her feet in an agony of weeping. "Forgive me, mother," I cried, "for bringing the constable to take thee. I'd have died first had I known it was thou." "I verily believe it," says she. "But oh, my child! let this be a warning to thee—never play the part of a spy. Hadst thou not injured me, thou mightst have done harm to one much worthier." At this I cried out that none could be worthier, and withal fell to crying so bitterly that she and her godly friends were fain to bear me company; only my father wept not, but stood gazing at us dry-eyed as silent and motionless as stone. By and by we all sat down as best we could, some on chairs, some on the damp ground. I kept close to my mother's side, holding fast her stone-cold hand, and resting my cheek

on her lap. From time to time we knelt together in prayer, but she herself scarce spoke aloud, save once, when on a sudden she cried out, "Ah me! I am a weak woman—a most weak woman. I thought 'twas not unsweet to go to Him who died for me, but the fire—the fire! I fear my strength will fail." "Nay," said her friends, consoling her; "cast thy burden on the Lord, He will sustain thee." "So be it," says she; "yea, I will trust to His strength, not mine own." But when they went on to tell her that she would rejoice for ever in heaven, while those that now did persecute her would be waiting in outer darkness, she saith, "No, no; talk not to me of that; I love not to think it. They who will my death are perchance better than I; at the least they know not what they do." So the sad night wore away, and our candle burnt lower, lower and lower, till at length it shot up a dying flame, and, falling in its socket, went out. Then in the darkness my mother drew me closer to her, and did slip into my hand the silver groat I had sent her in a loaf. "I have ne'er had the heart to use it," says she, speaking very faintly in mine ear, "but have kept it, dear child, for thy sake; now do thou keep it for mine." "Wench, wench, I have it about me to this day, and when I die, thou wilt find it hanging round my neck nearest to my heart. I pray thee, take it off with thine own hand, and keep it in memory of my honoured mother and of me. But I see thou art wearying of my story; have a little patience, I have not much more to tell. We were not long left in darkness, for soon a solitary sparrow began to chirp, and I, looking up, saw a faint blue light acoming in through the prison window. My mother saw it too. "Oh me!" says she, "it is morning; how fair it looks! Will he soon be here—the sheriff—to tell me I must go?" "Nay," said one of the good gossips, "'tis scarce five o'clock yet, and he will not be here till eight at the soonest." So she, still keeping fast my hand, did betake herself to prayer again, though, as the light grew stronger, I noted that she had waxed pale as death. At last mine ears caught the dreaded sound of an unbolting and barring of doors, and methought also of footsteps in the passage outside. "Oh,

mother!" cried I in an agony, "the sheriff is coming! Mercy me! he is surely coming." At these words she started up, and put her hand to her head like one bewildered. "What ails thee, sweet Molly," said her friends; "hast thou been asleep?" "Nay, I know not," says she; "but I am very faint—sick, methinks—I must needs lie down." They laid her on her poor bed of straw, but anon she, raising herself, stretched out her arms very suddenly to my father. "Come to me, good master," saith she; "come to me, my husband." Then, for the first time, he went to her, and falling on his knees beside the bed, took her in his arms. "Oh, Molly, Molly!" cries he, "I have been exceeding cruel to thee, and am right sorry for it now. I'd die myself to save thee from this!" "Kiss me," says she, putting up her face to his; "kiss me—be kind to Jack, and ——" "Wench, those were the last words ever she did say; and when, about the space of a quarter of an hour after, the door was flung open wide, and the sheriff came to call her to her execution, lo! she was dead. Well, well, thou hast no need to weep for her. Her strength was but small, and she had already gone through as much as she could bear; so it pleased Heaven to give her a merciful ending, she falling asleep at last as peaceful as a little child wearied with its play. Only to sleep, lass! only to sleep!—to waken we know not when nor how, but surely in His presence who is gone to prepare a place for all who truly love Him.

And so my tale is told, and I have but to say that not six weeks after my mother's death brighter days dawned upon this favoured land with the rising of that bright star, Queen Elizabeth of happy memory. Nevertheless, I must own that I do think the Papists (specially since their detestable gunpowder-plot) have in their turn been overhardly dealt with, and I verily believe we shall all learn in time that it is a most unchristian thing to persecute one another for matters of faith. God grant only that when we have mastered this hard lesson, we shall still be found zealous for Christ's holy gospel; for, say what we will, if that be not true, then life is as a tangled maze, and the valley of the shadow of death is wondrous darksome.

Must be going now, my maid. In truth, I am sorry for it, yet I will not seek to keep thee, lest I should tire thee with my company. Farewell, and thank thee for coming to see the old man; the sight of thy bright face hath done him good.

EARL RUSSELL'S SERMON.

A FEW days ago, at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Schools, we had the privilege of hearing the Premier of England deliver what he called his "annual sermon." He said, surrounded as he was by many gentlemen who preached once or twice every Sunday, it was not to be expected that he could preach so well as they, yet after a few words of commendation to the managers of this School Institution, he would venture to discourse to them for a few minutes on *the Divine mercy*, and he did not doubt but they would attend to his utterances, as they were from the heart. He could not help referring at the outset for a moment to questions of controversy now agitating the Christian Church, questions of a theological character handled by very scholarly men, who with the Bible in their hands appeared to make their side the truth. He had but one word to say on some of those questions agitating the Church, and it was this—views agreed upon by the Church some hundreds of years ago, thought then to be perfect and complete, would not satisfy the people of the present day. The topic to which he wished to direct attention was a practical one, and beautifully and clearly set forth in the Lord's Prayer and some of Christ's parables. It was *Mercy* he would speak about, the mercy God had shewn to us, as a proper example and incentive for us to shew mercy to others who claimed our forbearance and forgiveness. We were taught to pray, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." Agreeing as he did with much of the Church-of-England service, yet he did not agree with its exposition of this member of the Lord's Prayer. The Church taught us to pray to God for mercy, while Christ taught us to shew mercy, to be kind and forgiving, and God would forgive us. And then, as a further illustration of the meaning, Christ

spake the parable of the debtor who owed a very large sum of money, and was freely forgiven, but who afterwards forgave not a debtor of his, but cast him into prison, and was in consequence of this ingratitude called a wicked man and punished. We are all debtors to the mercy of God; every day and every hour of our life God is doing us good and forgiving us our sins: God's goodness flows to us in unnumbered forms of blessings. This, then, is a lesson to us—a lesson not for our contemplation only and for thankfulness, but for our daily practice. It is a lesson for the humblest and the highest; the poorest child and the richest monarch can learn and ought to learn from this. Emperors, kings and statesmen ought at this very time to learn a lesson from this constant mercy of Heaven, and not rush on into bloody conflicts and murderous wars. There needs in every walk of life more forbearance, more patience in the midst of differences and disputes; all those wicked and revengeful dispositions and feelings should be put away from us. This is the Christianity of the New Testament, the sentiment of the Saviour, which is too little dwelt upon and too little kept in mind when differences arise. Let us all lay these things to heart. We are frail and erring creatures, and needing as we do the mercy of God, we should not be slow to understand and practise this eminent Christian charity. In conclusion, he referred to a visit last season he was honoured with from Abd-el-Kader. After breakfast this great chief had a carpet spread upon the grass in his garden, and there he prostrated himself in all sincerity before Almighty God and offered up his devotions. Though he did not worship God as did this gentleman, nor was he of the same religious faith, yet he was thankful to the same God for the reverence and devotion he had put into the heart of his guest, a man of a different nation and a different church.

We were glad to hear these sound and charitable words from the noble Earl Russell, this good and wholesome doctrine of Divine mercy, with its practical bearing on every-day life; also that he was warmly thanked by lords and gentlemen around him for his discourse.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE life of this excellent lady, though prolonged and distinguished far beyond the ordinary lot, presents few materials to the biographer. Persons of genius, eminent amongst their contemporaries, and leaving a name to be honoured by posterity, may yet be secluded from the bustle and notoriety of our common world. The kingdom of God cometh not with observation; those material events which strike the eye, and with which history is usually filled, are not of the greatest importance to such as look beneath the surface of life. Great principles are nurtured in silence and retirement; and those benefactors to whose labours we owe the purest of our social enjoyments are seldom persons who strike the public gaze. What a mighty and benignant power is our modern literature, and yet its authors pursue their studies and live their uneventful career far away from public notice. Except in the popularity reflected from their writings, many of them are unknown beyond a small circle of private friends, and their personal history is of little interest outside that limited society. This is especially true of female authors, and the biographies of such women as Mrs. Barbauld or Mrs. Hemans are in a great part records of their married relations, or the events thence resulting. Joanna Baillie was never married, and was therefore in a peculiar manner severed by the absence of one chief link of connection from the outward world. Had she been a wife, a mother, the centre figure of a large family group, her history might have been more interesting. As it is, however, she is a striking illustration of how much genuine usefulness and goodness may be comprised in a single life spent in the tranquil bosom of social privacy, by one cultivated mind earnestly devoted to noble objects. A calm, deep influence emanates from her example, and the instruction of her wise and pure spirit is a portion of that permanent moral force which is gradually redeeming the world.

Joanna Baillie was born in the manse at Bothwell, a village in Lanarkshire, about nine miles to the south-east of Glasgow, and not unknown in Scottish annals, in the year 1765. Her father

was the Rev. James Baillie, minister of the parish, and also, it would appear, a professor in the Glasgow University. Her mother was Miss Hunter, sister of the celebrated anatomists, Doctors William and John Hunter. She had one sister, Agnes, almost her sole lifelong companion, and one brother, the famous physician, Dr. Matthew Baillie, lecturer at St. George's Hospital, Physician in ordinary to George III., and the author of some standard medical books. We have not been able to ascertain in what year the family removed from Scotland, nor is the fact of material value to our present sketch; we need only mention that Miss Baillie fixed her residence permanently at Hampstead, where for many years she pursued her literary labours, and where she died in the year 1851, at the advanced age of 86. A funeral sermon was preached on the occasion by the Rev. Dr. Sadler, in Rosslyn chapel. However scanty and uneventful her outward history, she did not live in vain, and in the three-fold aspects of woman, author, and theologian, a good deal might be written of her.

As a woman, a sister, a friend, a Christian, we need not say much of Miss Baillie. Those who had the privilege of her personal acquaintance can testify how admirably she discharged her various duties, and how much there was in her general disposition and character to awaken reverence and love. Blessed with health, with competence, with a cheerful temperament, with "troops of friends," few earthly conditions were more prosperous than hers. A cultivated lady, in a pleasant suburb of London, having free access to the best society, in correspondence with many eminent contemporaries, and surrounded by an atmosphere of gentle attentions and courteous regards, her lot may be considered to have yielded a happiness such as few can experience.

Respecting her position as an author, we need not enlarge. Literature with her was not, as with so many, a pursuit of necessity, but she chose it as most congenial to her mental bias, and accordant with her strong desire to do good. She is chiefly known for her Plays on the Passions, as Love, Hatred,

Revenge, Jealousy, &c. She also wrote several Dramas, as Witchcraft, Homicide, The Bride, Romiero, Henriquez, The Martyr, besides a volume of miscellaneous Plays; and another volume of poems or Metrical Legends of Exalted Characters, the chief of whom are William Wallace, Christopher Columbus, and Lady Griseld Baillie,—the last a Scottish heroine, daughter of Sir Patrick Hume, who in the troubled days of James II. had fled with his family to Holland, and was one of the exiled patriots who accompanied William of Orange to England. His daughter was for a time maid of honour to Queen Mary, when she declined a flattering matrimonial alliance, her affections having been previously fixed on a young Scotchman, whose father, a friend of her father's, had been executed at Edinburgh by the brutal tyranny of James. It was in visiting the prisoner as a mere girl, and contributing for a time to his release, that her heroism was displayed. The following passage refers to the love affair, and is a sample of Miss Baillie's style and spirit:

Their long-tried faith in honour plighted,
They were a pair by Heaven united,
Whose wedded love thro' lengthened years,
The trace of early fondness wears,
Her heart first guess'd his doubtful choice,
Her ear first caught his distant voice,
And from afar, her wistful eye
Would first his graceful form descry.
Ev'n when he hid him forth to meet
The open air in lawn or street,
She to her casement went,
And after him, with smile so sweet,
Her look of blessing sent.
The heart's affection,—secret thing!
Is like the cleft rock's ceaseless spring,
Which free and independent flows
Of summer rains or winter snows.
The fox-glove from its side may fall,
The heath-bloom fade, or moss-flower white,
But still its runlet, bright tho' small,
Will issue sweetly to the light.

It is, however, on account of her theological views that this sketch of Miss Baillie is given to our readers. She is a remarkable instance of one led to the adoption of what are deemed heretical opinions by the simple love of truth, and by her religious reading and meditation. Everything, it might be supposed, in connection with her history would confirm her in the orthodox faith, if that be capable of standing the test of

calm inquiry and the requirements of a devout, cultivated mind. Born in a Scotch manse, all her early associations bound her to the hereditary Calvinism. Her social position throughout the whole of her after life, and most of her correspondents, whether English or Scotch, must have been adverse to any profession of Unitarian or Arian sentiments. How is it, then, that, in the invidious language of sect, she became a heretic? She had no worldly motive; her nature was not fickle nor inconstant; on the contrary, she was in many ways a very superior person; and her culture, character and whole history are strong presumptive proof that her religious opinions were at least not dangerous, if they were not absolutely right. A good man or woman is the noblest embodiment of Christianity, of its divine power, of its living truth, and who so perverted by system or so narrow of mind as to contend that Joanna Baillie was not a Christian? In 1831, in the maturity of her powers and the fulness of her fame, she published her "View of the General Tenor of the New Testament regarding the Nature and Dignity of Jesus Christ." The volume contains a very forcible argument in disproof of the Trinitarian scheme, and has been extensively read. "Her mode of theological study itself," writes Dr. Sadler, "was such as strongly to recommend her conclusions to our notice. Leaving unopened the whole range of polemical divinity, she went straightway to the New Testament, assuming that she carried with her good intentions and a clear understanding, which she considered all that could be necessary in order to become wise unto salvation, and, reading through the successive books, she wrote down everything that appeared to her to have any reference to Christ's nature, dignity and offices. The result in her mind was a conviction that a person of plain sense, who, unacquainted with any creed, should read the New Testament with serious attention, would regard Christ as a most highly exalted being, who was with God before the creation of the world, who, endowed with wisdom and power, came upon the earth to reveal the Father and all needful spiritual truth, and who is now sitting at the right hand of the divine throne."

An extract or two from the volume will shew at least the spirit of its contents:

On preaching Christ.—“What is the stronghold, the loftiest impregnable tower of our religion? Is it not the character of Jesus Christ? His character is the strongest proof of his divine mission; so strong that it would tax beyond his power the most independent thinker, who is at the same time a reasonable one, to suppose him an impostor, or a fanciful imagination of some other impostor. This appears to my mind impossible. Yet his character is not, in comparison with other topics, often dwelt upon by our pulpit divines. Dr. Channing, as far as my reading goes, is the only one who has displayed it usefully and powerfully in all its natural beauty and brightness, with an ardour and eloquence befitting a subject so noble.”

On the Trinity.—“Notwithstanding all the learning and ingenuity of your lordship (the then Bishop of Salisbury, who endeavoured to answer her book in a correspondence with her), I abide by my first opinion, that a man of plain sense, previously unacquainted with the doctrine of the Trinity, might read through the whole of the New Testament without being aware of such a doctrine being contained in it, and would therefore never think of searching here and there through the whole Bible for texts supposed to bear upon the subject. I believe that he would not find it there, for the best of all reasons, viz., that the apostles themselves did not know such a doctrine.”

On the good arising from variety of opinion.—“There are good and pious Christians of all denominations, and so far from uniformity of belief being a blessing, we may thank God that He has permitted various sects to exist. Much good, we may suppose, has arisen from the various habits and tempers of sincere believers, how different soever and opposed to one another, and what our Saviour said to those who condemned both his own open and sociable manners and the abstemious austerity of John the Baptist is in some degree applicable to them, ‘Wisdom is justified of her children.’ One good effect we can evidently trace; with perfect uniformity of opinion

we could not reasonably have had the same firm trust in the authenticity of Scripture which we now possess. Christians, differing from Christians in various points of faith, kept a jealous eye upon each other; and, generally speaking, neither hypocritical policy nor mistaken zeal durst venture to alter it. Had it not been for this, during the dark ages and before the art of printing was invented, the genuine Scripture in all human probability would have been entirely lost, or so intermixed with absurdities and monkish inventions that we could have had no reasonable confidence in it. I say nothing of the room which this want of uniformity has created for the exercise of Christian forbearance and charity; to say to God we had profited by such opportunities more than we have!”

We cannot better conclude this paper than by giving the following admirable passage from the funeral sermon of Dr. Sadler already alluded to:

“I should do great injustice to the memory of Joanna Baillie if I were to connect her name exclusively with any theological tenet. Hers was a great and noble spirit, and could not be hemmed in by any party or sectarian limits. She recognized piety towards Almighty God and gratitude to His Messiah, with the generous impulses and virtuous actions naturally flowing from such sentiments, as belonging exclusively to no sect. . . She gloried in being a follower of a Master who, while on earth, was most open and liberal in an age and generation when narrowness and bigotry did most particularly prevail; and she yearned to be able to arouse in her fellow-Christians that brotherly charity towards one another, and that humble piety which, amidst all our genuine differences, would cause us to feel and to work together as one family. Her heaven was a truly beautiful and blessed world; it was not a country where Papal institutions were in full vigour, or a Protestant country; it was not a land of Calvinists or Quakers or Unitarians—it was a world of the God-loving and the man-loving, the spiritual, the Christ-like, who desire and strive towards spiritual perfection as the highest good. She has passed on, and with her enlarged views and spirit it must have been more happily than the vast majority of her race.”

THE CHURCH OF THE SAVIOUR, SOUTHAMPTON.

[Enclosed this month each subscriber will find a steel engraving of our church at Southampton.]

THIS elegant structure, opened for divine worship on Thursday, March 22, 1860, is erected in Bellevue Place. It is exceedingly neat and commodious, and the style of the architecture has drawn forth great admiration from those who have inspected the building. Its plan, construction and details, have been specially designed and carefully carried out with a view to shew that the greatest economy in contrivance and execution are in the highest degree consistent with strength, solidity and durability, rigid architectural propriety, and the most elegant decorative expression. The style is the first Pointed Early English. No building of the kind has been in modern times more solidly built, and although there are over 300 symbolical carvings, it is without a question the "cheapest church in Great Britain." The entire costs of the building itself, of the seating and fitting up, the complete system of warming, curtains, library and everything, independently of the land and legal and incidental charges, were about £2600. The seats are arranged for the present to accommodate 300 worshippers, but the whole church can at any time be thrown open and seat 500. Until there shall be separate school-rooms built, the gallery and the space below will be occupied as such, and for committee-rooms and library. The interior of the church is 70 feet long, by 32 wide. It is open timber-roofed, and has vestries and offices on the south side, under a low lean-to roof. The greatest attention has been paid to the acoustic arrangements, so as to prevent the rolling of sound in the open roof, and all echo or excess of resonance, and at the same time so to strengthen and concentrate the volume of the preacher's voice, and so direct it to the auditory, as to render the weakest voice distinctly audible. There is a novel arrangement in the front of the pulpit for the deaf, and in addition to the appliances for the conducting of sound to the deaf worshippers, the book-board itself is constructed on the principles obvious in

the external ear, so as to collect and convey the sound into the sound chamber; and the pulpit canopy, or sounding-board, is contrived with a special view to intensify the power of the preacher's voice.

The Unitarians of Great Britain are indebted to the present pastor of this church, the Rev. EDMUND KELL, M.A., to his devotion and energy, for this beautiful and commodious temple of worship. A few of his very appropriate words at the laying of the foundation we subjoin: "Our first aim has been to fix the place of our assembling where we can best glorify our God and Father by proclaiming his hallowed truth. Nor is the truth with which we believe ourselves pre-eminently blessed one of *small moment*. No, it is that which touches the whole teaching of the first and greatest of all the commandments, which in the clearest language affirms that 'the Lord our God is one Lord.' It is for holding this great truth we stand apart, an outcast sect from other Christians, to raise our voice for Jesus' holy teaching, to speak our precious faith in God our Father's free, unpurchased love towards all the human race. To hold a faith so sweet to filial love, this is indeed a gift and privilege. An outcast sect we are to-day. So was of yore the apostolic band, and so were all the early followers of the great Captain Leader. An outcast sect we are; but faith assures us that other days shall dawn when those among us who with noble spirits can joy to bear reprobach and shame for Jesus' sake, shall have a name of highest honour in the wide-spread Christian fold. Brethren, we have named our church '*The Church of the Saviour*.' And we who have come out from other churches *because* we would own no other Master than him who was declared by words from heaven to be the beloved Son of God, *because* his words alone and those of his commissioned messengers we follow as our guide to life eternal, we have *especial* right to call our house of prayer emphatically '*the Saviour's Church*.' And what though other churches cast us out as '*heretics*'? What though they may deny that we have right and title to be the Saviour's Church? They *cannot* say, at least in truth they *cannot* say, but that the words of Jesus are our only creed. They *know* that his own lips af-



DRAWN & ETCHED ON STEEL BY THE ARCHITECT.

firmed that 'the Lord our God is one Lord.' They *know* that the great Teacher said that 'the true worshipers shall *worship the Father*,' of whom he spake as 'his Father and our Father, as his God and our God.' They *know* that to Him he prayed, to Him resigned his will, and that when he had finished the work his Father had given him to do, to Him he yielded up his spirit. O, brethren, let us be disciples of the Saviour in our hearts' devotion, *his* in purity of life as we are *his* in faith, and all shall be well with us! Let us strive to realize in every thought and deed his ardent prayer that we might be one with him *as* he was one with God, one with *him* and one with God, and we shall have the Saviour's legacy of 'peace.' And though we be dishonoured among men, even as the early disciples were dishonoured, we may patiently wait, for the great day *shall* come when the prophecy shall be fulfilled, that 'Jehovah's name shall be one, and his worship one.'"

KILLING AN ENEMY.

By T. S. ARTHUR.

"THAT man will be the death of me yet," said Paul Levering.

He looked worried, but not angry.

"Thee means Dick Hardy?"

"Yes."

"What has he been doing to thee now?"

The questioner was a Friend named Isaac Martin—a neighbour.

"He's always doing something, friend Martin. Scarcely a day passes that I don't have complaint of him. Yesterday one of the boys came and told me that he saw him throw a stone at my new Durham cow, and strike her in the head."

"That's very bad, friend Levering. Does thee know why he did this? Was thy Durham trespassing on his grounds?"

"No, she was only looking over his fence. He has a spite against me and mine, and does all he can to injure me. You know the fine Bartlett pear-tree, that stands in the corner of my lot adjoining his property?"

"Yes."

"Two large limbs, full of fruit, stretched over on his side. You would hardly

believe it, but it's true. I was out there just now, and discovered that he had sawed off these two fine limbs that hung over on his side. They lay down upon the ground, and his pigs were eating the fruit."

"Why is Dick so spiteful to thee, friend Levering? He does not annoy me. What has thee done to him?"

"Nothing of any consequence."

"Thee must have done something. Try and remember."

"I know what first set him out. I kicked an ugly dog of his once. The beast, half-starved at home, I suppose, was all the while prowling about here, and snatching up everything that came in his way. One day I came upon him suddenly, and gave him a tremendous kick that sent him howling through the gate. Unfortunately, as it turned out, the dog's master happened to be passing along the road. The way he swore at me was dreadful. I never saw a more vindictive face. On the next morning, a splendid Newfoundland, that I had raised from a pup, met me shivering at the door, with his tail cut off! I don't know when I have felt so badly. Poor fellow! his piteous look haunts me now. I had no proof against Dick, but have never doubted his agency in the matter. In my grief and indignation I shot the dog, and so put him out of my sight."

"Thee was hasty in that, friend Levering," said the Quaker.

"Perhaps I was, though I have never repented the act. I met Dick a few days afterwards. The grin of satisfaction on his face I accepted as an acknowledgment of his mean and cruel revenge. Within a week from that time one of my cows had a horn knocked off."

"What did thee do?"

"I went to Dick Hardy and gave him a piece of my mind."

"That is, thee scolded, and called hard names, and threatened."

"Yes—just so, friend Martin."

"Did any good come of it?"

"About as much good as if I had whistled to the wind."

"How has it been since?"

"No change for the better. It grows, if anything, worse and worse. Dick never gets weary of annoying me."

"Has thee ever tried the law with him, friend Levering? The law should protect thee."

"O yes, I've tried the law." Once he ran his heavy wagon against my carriage, purposely, and upset me in the road. I made a narrow escape of my life. The carriage was badly broken. A neighbour saw the whole thing, and said it was plainly intended by Dick. So I sent him the carriage-maker's bill, at which he got into a towering passion. Then I threatened him with prosecution, and he laughed in my face malignantly. I felt that the time had come to act decisively, and sued him, relying on the evidence of my neighbour who had seen the affair. But my neighbour was afraid of Dick, and so worked his testimony that the jury saw only an accident instead of a purpose to injure, and gave their verdict accordingly. After that, Dick Hardy was worse than ever. He took an evil delight in annoying and injuring me. I am satisfied that in more than one instance he left gaps in his fences in order to entice my cattle into his fields, that he might set his savage dogs on them, and hurt them with stones. It is more than a child of mine dares to cross his premises. Only last week he tried to put his dog on my little Florence, who strayed into one of his fields after buttercups. The dog was less cruel than his master, or she would have been torn by his teeth, instead of being only frightened by his bark."

"It's a hard case, truly, friend Levering. Our neighbour Hardy seems possessed of an evil spirit."

"The very spirit of the devil," was answered with feeling.

"He's thy enemy, assuredly; and if thee doesn't get rid of him, will do thee greater harm."

"I wish I could get rid of him."

"Thee must, if thee would dwell in safety, friend Levering."

The Quaker's face was growing very serious. He spoke in a lowered voice, and bent towards his neighbour in a confidential manner.

"Thee must put him out of the way."

"Friend Martin!" The surprise of Paul Levering was unfeigned.

"Thee must kill him!"

The countenance of Levering grew blank with astonishment.

"Kill him!" he ejaculated.

"If thee doesn't kill him, he'll certainly kill thee, one of these days, friend Levering. And thee knows what is said about self-preservation being the law of nature."

"And get hung!"

"I don't think they'll hang thee," coolly returned the Quaker. "Thee can go over to his place, and get him alone by thyself. Or thee can meet him in some by-road. Nobody need see thee; and when he's dead, I think people will be more glad than sorry. Thee needn't fear any bad consequences."

"Do you think I'm no better than a murderer?" Levering's astonishment passed to horror and indignation. "I, Paul Levering, stain my hands with blood!"

"Who said anything about staining thy hands with blood?" The Quaker was imperturbable.

"Why, you!"

"Thee's mistaken. I never used the word blood."

"But you meant it. You suggested murder."

"No, friend Levering. I advised thee to kill the enemy, lest some day he should kill thee."

"Isn't killing murder, I should like to know?" demanded Levering.

"There are more ways to kill an enemy than one," said the Quaker. "I've killed a good many in my time, but no stain of blood can be found on my garments. My way of killing enemies is to make them my friends. Kill neighbour Hardy with kindness, and thee'll have no more trouble with him."

A sudden light gleamed over Mr. Levering's face, as if a cloud had passed from the sun of his spirit.

"A new way to kill people!"

"The surest way to kill enemies, as thee'll find, if thee'll only try."

"Let me see. How shall I go about it?" said Paul Levering, taken at once with the idea.

"If thee has the will, friend Levering, it will not be long before thee finds the way."

And so it proved. Not two hours afterwards, as Mr. Levering was driving into the village, he found Dick Hardy with a stalled cart-load of stone. He

was whipping his horse, and swearing at him passionately, but to no good purpose. The cart-wheels were buried half-way to the axle in stiff mud, and defied the strength of one horse to move them. On seeing Mr. Levering, Dick stopped pulling and swearing, and getting on to the cart, with his back towards his neighbour, commenced pitching the stones off in the middle of the road.

"Hold on a bit, friend Hardy," said Levering, in a pleasant voice, as he dismounted and commenced unhitching his horse.

But Dick, pretending not to hear him, kept on pitching out the stones.

"Hold on, I say, and don't give yourself all that trouble," added Mr. Levering, speaking in a louder voice, but in kind and cheerful tones. "Two horses are better than one. With Charley's help, we'll soon have the wheels on good solid ground again."

Understanding now what was meant, Dick's hands fell almost nerveless by his side.

"There," said Levering, as he put his horse in front of Dick's, and made the traces fast, "one pull, and the thing's done!"

And before Dick could get down from the cart, it was out of the mud-hole.

Without saying a word more, Levering unfastened his horse from the front of Dick's animal, and hitching up again, rode on.

On the next day Mr. Levering saw Dick Hardy in the act of strengthening a bit of weak fence through which his (Levering's) cattle had broken once or twice; thus removing a temptation, and saving the animals from being beaten and set on by dogs.

"Thee's given him a bad wound, friend Levering," said the Quaker, on getting information of the two incidents just mentioned, "and it will be thy own fault if thee doesn't kill him outright."

Not long afterwards, in the face of an approaching storm, and while Dick Hardy was hurrying to get in some clover hay, his wagon broke down. Mr. Levering, who saw from one of his fields the accident, and understood what loss it might occasion, hitched up his own wagon, and sent it over to Dick's assistance. With a storm coming on that might last for

days, and ruin from two to three tons of hay, Dick could not decline the offer, though it went terribly against the grain to accept a favour from the man he had hated for years and injured in so many ways.

On the following morning Mr. Levering had a visit from Dick Hardy. It was raining fast.

"I've come," said Dick, stammering and confused, and looking down at the ground instead of into Mr. Levering's face, "to pay you for the use of your team yesterday in getting in my hay. I should have lost it if you hadn't sent your wagon, and it's only right that I should pay for the use of it."

"I should be very sorry," answered Paul Levering, cheerily, "if I couldn't do a neighbourly turn without pay. You were right welcome, friend Hardy, to the wagon. I am more than paid in knowing that you saved that nice field of clover. How much did you get?"

"About three tons. But, Mr. Levering, I must——"

"Not a word, if you don't want to offend me," interposed Levering. "I trust there isn't a man around here that wouldn't do as much for a neighbour in time of need. Still, if you feel embarrassed—if you don't wish to stand my debtor—pay me back in good-will."

Dick Hardy raised his eyes from the ground slowly, and looked in a strange, wondering way at Mr. Levering.

"Shall we not be friends?" Mr. Levering reached out his hand. Hardy grasped it with a quick, short grip; then, as if to hide feelings that were becoming too strong, dropped it and went off hastily.

"Thee's killed him!" said the Quaker, on his next meeting with Levering; "thy enemy is dead!"

"Slain by the weapons of kindness," answered Paul Levering, "which you supplied."

"No, thee took them from God's armoury, where all men may equip themselves without charge, and become invincible," replied the Quaker. "And I trust, for thy own peace and safety, thee will never use any other weapons in fighting with thy neighbour. They are sure to kill."

THE COST OF WAR.

SOCIAL STATISTICS AND MORAL FACTS.

THERE is still a hankering in the minds of some of our statesmen and others for interference in the affairs and quarrels of other nations,—a frequently expressed disapproval at our non-intervention or peace policy. We are persuaded that the best interests of our nation, and of all nations, are sustained by forbearance and peace. We are far from endorsing what has been called *peace at any price*, if such a course has ever been advocated by any party, for we can readily perceive that war may be forced upon a people by such open and gross avarice or tyranny as to make it the less of two evils. In a case of this kind, the sin of the war lies at the door of those who have made war necessary, and not on those who have vigorously prosecuted it for the defence of freedom and righteousness. Nations, like individuals, should be slow to wrath and to lift up arms. It were often better even to suffer some wrongs and losses than to rush into war.

Entirely independent of the loss of life in battle and campaigns, there is the financial cost, the serious material sacrifices, to which we would for a moment advert. The world is not so abundant in wealth, or the resources of any country so independent and free, that this ought to be overlooked.

We have asked attention in a former article to the "Dwellings of the Poor," and pressed the importance of making better provision for their social comfort. What is the difficulty in the solution of this problem but the means, the capital necessary to be directed into this channel? We think we can shew that if the time, property and money of the nations of the earth had been turned into those channels of social improvement, instead of slaughtering one another, all that any man could have desired would have been accomplished. It is not too late to look those facts still in the face, and gather up wisdom for our future course. The great war just concluded in America was a war about property in man. The whole of this property was worth in

the market about two hundred millions of pounds—the value of four millions of slaves. Now it is known that in four years a thousand millions of pounds have been wasted through the unwise way of solving the problem of slave property. An army of free white men also, in the prime of life, have fallen victims to the folly of a war policy forced upon America by Southern slaveholders,—men to the country worth on both sides, it is estimated, more than all the slaves of the South. To this serious loss of young and vigorous men to a country like America, we have to add a sum of money for a four years' war, which would have bought, five times over, the four millions of slaves. Surely these facts speak in thunder tones "that wisdom and a pacific policy are better than weapons of war."

Since the accession of Napoleon to the French throne in 1851, although he has not been so warlike as his uncle, the supplementary votes for war have been ninety-two millions of pounds, a sum sufficient to have built for every poor peasant in France a neat and beautiful cottage. Would these cottages on every plain and hill-side of France not have been a better monument and a greater glory to the Empire than all the victories of both the Napoleons?

During the last one hundred years we have burdened ourselves, for war purposes, with a debt of eight hundred millions of pounds, a sum of money which would have built every poor family in Great Britain a handsome house, and afforded them as well a capacious garden, all free for ever.

In the present age, on a peace footing, the armies of Europe alone are two million nine hundred thousand men, at a yearly cost of one hundred and five millions of pounds sterling. The war debt hanging over two hundred and eighty millions of people in Europe is two thousand two hundred millions of pounds, for wars principally carried on during the last one hundred years. The interest of this debt paid every year is ninety millions of pounds, a sum far more than sufficient to give a superior education to every child in Europe. With such facts as these before us, and that during the first fifteen years of the

present century the war expenses of England amounted to nearly one thousand millions, we should consider well and have a clear grievance before we enter into a course of war. The two or three years of war against Russia cost us nearly one hundred millions, a sum worth as much as all the house property of the poor labourers of our country. What a different trophy it would have been, and more worthy of our age than a Russian cannon in a few of our market-places and parks, had we built a million cottages at £100 each and given them to the poor! It was a bitter lesson for Russia as well, for General Sattler says they had to support nearly 1,000,000 of men and 200,000 horses at exorbitant prices for food. The war in Italy, short as it was in 1859, cost Austria, France and Italy together, £60,000,000.

That the poor and honest workmen in our own land and other lands are not well and bountifully provided for in everything, arises not so much from the want of wealth as the want of wisdom. We have shewn that if the capital invested in war purposes were invested in the education and houses of the poor; that if statesmen would turn their attention even now to the pressing necessities of social reforms and the proper remedies for the discontent and misery existing among the masses of the people, so that education and forbearance and better morals and better homes were promoted among mankind, it would be the beginning of a new era on the earth. The poor of every country and the hard-working men have, of all classes, most to dread war. They are the greatest sufferers; and they must not be slow to protest against a course of policy which converts the nerve and sinew of material wealth into engines of destruction and fields of blood. Our government at present is upon the right track, and ought to be sustained in all its intentions of a policy of peace. We are continually exposed to danger from the traditions of the past in some, and military glory in others. Apart from all other considerations, we may view war in its stupendous costliness, and set off the possible advantages of victory with the certain magnificent results of national progress, social comfort and human elevation, following the arts of peace.

THE SILENT RECORDER.

A GREAT DIFFICULTY EXPLAINED TO
LITTLE FOLK.

WHEN a child, one of the most puzzling of all the passages in the Bible was that which described the "BOOK OF LIFE," in which the deeds of every one is recorded. How could this be? Every open and secret deed, word and thought of every soul; this was the problem of problems, the wonder of wonders of childhood. Long ago this has ceased to perplex us, for now we believe in this as one of the real facts of existence, the most probable of things in the Divine government.

We have seen so many human contrivances so perfectly adapted to give every information, so sensitive and delicate in all their operations, we cannot doubt but the all-perfect God has within us and around us a thousand silent witnesses of every-day life. The manager of the Great Northern Railway engine-works shewed us through their immense factory some time ago, and pointed out on some of their engines self-registering dials which would indicate for half a century or more every stroke of the engine. In our homes and in the streets there are metres of perfect construction which shew the consumption of both gas and water, slippery and subtle as these elements are. We have seen a machine setting and distributing type with wonderful accuracy, governed by the operator, who was playing as it were on the keys of a piano. In the Bank of England and in the Mint they have machines into which they shovel sovereigns and half-sovereigns, and the contrivance is so complete that every piece of gold is carried at once by the action of the machine to its own place. There is a place for bad and good coin, and the machine detects it all—does not let one out of ten million of pieces go where it ought not. A piece of gold too heavy or too light is carried off into its proper compartment to await adjustment. If ten millions of pieces of gold are put into this machine, after a time they are all found in different chests marked for the good and bad, the too light and too heavy as well. The machinist tells us it is an utter impossibility for this con-

trivance to make any mistake. Here, again, is a judge, a book of life, a recording angel ordering the righteous and the wicked to the right hand and the left—all to their proper place. It would be endless the enumeration of simple and perfect contrivances which, like silent yet certain witnesses, record judgment in the every-day operations of a long life. In the North of England, where large furnace-fires are to be kept on night and day for smelting purposes, it was found that the men took long rests, did not attend to these fires with that same regularity through the night when the masters were at home in bed. An engineer made a little witness, in the form of a piece of machinery, which told every morning if the fires had been attended to or not through the night with constant regularity. We shall adduce but one more illustration, with an anecdote which points the moral of all we have wished to say. "There is a little machine, made something like a clock, which can be fastened upon a carriage, and in some way connected with the motion of the wheels. It is so arranged that it marks off correctly the number of miles that the carriage runs. A stable-keeper once had one upon a carriage that he kept for letting, and by this means he could tell just how many miles any one went who hired it of him. Two young men once hired it to go to a town some ten miles distant. Instead of simply going and returning, as they promised to do, they rode to another town some five miles farther, thus making the distance they passed over, going and coming, some thirty miles. When they returned, the owner of the establishment, without being noticed by the young men, glanced upon the face of the measuring instrument, and discovered how many miles they had travelled. 'Where have you been?' he then asked them. 'Where we said we were going,' was the answer. 'Have you not been farther than that?' 'Oh, no,' they answered. 'How many miles have you been in all?' 'Twenty.' He touched the spring, the cover opened, and there, on the face of the instrument, the thirty miles were found recorded. The young men were astonished at this unerring testimony of an unseen witness that they had carried with them all the

way. Thus has God placed a recording witness in our hearts. Wherever we go we carry it with us. He keeps it wound up and in order. Without our thinking of it, it records all our acts, all our words, and all our thoughts. We sometimes seek to deceive our friends, but the truth is recorded in our hearts. By and by God will touch the spring, and all that is written there will then be seen. Many things we do we should not, if we knew the eye of another person were looking upon us. We always carry a witness with us. A little boy was urged by an older person to do an act that was wrong. He was told that no one would know of it. 'Yes, somebody will,' said the little fellow—'myself will know it.'

"We cannot dismiss the witness. God has fastened it to our minds. It is our conscience, and whatever our lips may deny, it will always tell the truth. If we should attempt, in the great day when God judges the world, to deny our actions, there upon our hearts they will appear, written down, when we did not know it, by the unseen witness that God has made to accompany us every step in our life. Think daily, little readers, of that instrument which we carry with us, out of sight, on which is written everything we do and say. Think how you will feel when God opens it, that its records may be seen by all the world."

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

It shall be mine the Lord to love
With mind and strength and heart and
soul,
To use his favours from above
As sent to bless and make me whole.
Morning and eve, each night and day,
And every moment of my life,
Blessings He pours upon my way,
Which give me peace and banish strife.
He gave me life, and it sustains,
My every power to Him belongs,
While all my joys and e'en my pains
Give cause alike for thanks and songs.
But here my duties shall not end
To serve Him with my life alone;
To Him desire and will shall bend,
Until He make me all His own.

W. O.

PELAGIUS.

BY THOMAS BOWRING.

MILTON, who complained that he had fallen on evil days, says, in his own nervous language, that

"Men whose life, learning, faith and pure intent,
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
Must now be named and printed heretics."

So it has ever been. The late Mr. Belsham expressed great sympathy for those whom the ancient church thus denominated, because he thought that their principles were frequently misunderstood, and that far less than justice was done to their motives and their characters. Certain it is that some of the most honest, pure, benevolent and pious of men have been branded with heresy, and thus have gone down with sullied reputation to posterity. Arius and Socinus, Pelagius and Arminius, are yet held up to odium and scorn, though they were not less learned, less acute nor less devout and virtuous than their opponents. But they may appeal from the prejudiced judgments of their erring fellow-mortals to Him whose alone can decide, and who will decide righteously,—who alone, as the great Lord of the conscience, can say "where frailty errs, and where we sin."

Among the great and good men whom ignorance and bigotry have for many ages condemned, must be reckoned Pelagius, for he was a burning and a shining light in his day; he well and effectually served his generation ere he fell asleep, and though his name has been cast out as evil, and his doctrines have been grossly misrepresented, they have yet exercised a great influence on the opinions of men. They have modified the harshness of the Antinomian creed, and they have done much to promote moderate and healing counsels among the various sections of the Christian community, introducing more of the spirit that giveth life, to the exclusion of the letter that killeth. Many, in all ages, whose theory has been Augustinian, have been Pelagian in heart and practice, and thus done involuntary homage to the general truth of the principles Pelagius laid down. Many whose creed has been altogether hard and revolting, have acted,

with all meekness and tenderness and love, as became disciples of the Saviour. Many who have condemned Pelagius on earth, will rejoice to meet him in heaven—will acknowledge there the mistake they have made, and will join with him in songs of praise and gratitude to God the Father, and to the Lamb for ever.

Pelagius, whose real name was Morgan, was a British monk, a native either of England or Wales, and was born in the latter half of the fourth century. Some writers, without much appearance of probability, make him to have been, notwithstanding, a native of Brittany, now one of the northern provinces of France. It is usual for a monk on taking the vows to change his name, and hence Morgan became Pelagius, a Greek name meaning "a dweller by the sea." He appears naturally to have been very eloquent, and he was much celebrated as a preacher. Monks in those days were missionaries or ministers at large, and spite of the difficulties and dangers of foreign travel, they were accustomed to take long and fatiguing journeys to far distant lands—in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by the heathen, in weariness and painfulness, in hunger and thirst and fastings often, and all to spread, as did the apostles before them, the faith as they believed it—to visit other churches, and to give and receive encouragement in the arduous duties they were called on to fulfil. Pelagius, accompanied by Celestius, an Irish brother, came in the course of his travels to Rome, and there, full of zeal for what he deemed to be the truth, he preached long and earnestly against what he deemed false opinions and superstitious practices; he strenuously insisted that baptism in itself had no moral effect, and could not, as such, cleanse from sin. He spoke, as did his companion Celestius, "of the dignity of man, the power of the will, the value of self-reliance; and to make human effort more conspicuous than divine grace," he further "maintained that all men were born as pure as Adam, and might keep so by a proper use of their faculties and of the divine aid offered to all." That his system totally dispensed with "divine grace" is commonly asserted, but is certainly a calumny; he contended against "irresisti-

ble grace," no doubt, as contradictory to the Saviour's injunction to ask and to seek, implying that we must ask before we can receive, we must seek ere we can expect to find.

From Rome the brethren proceeded to Africa, in the northern parts of which vast continent were then many flourishing Christian churches. Pelagius left Africa for Jerusalem, where he appears to have made a considerable stay, and where both himself and his doctrines were well received. Celestius remained for a period among the African brethren, and here his preaching aroused the attention of St. Augustine, one of the great lights of the Romish Church, the most remarkable man of his age, and who was regarded as inspired by numbers then, whilst his memory is held in the utmost veneration by many sections of Christians now. Augustine was a native of Africa, and at this time Bishop of Hippo, a fine town on the Numidian coast of the Mediterranean. His life had been exceedingly eventful, and he had not always lived irreproachably, though there can be no doubt of the sincerity of his conversion; nor had he always thought or spoke on theological matters as he now did in opposition to Celestius. But he attacked what was then known as Pelagianism with a fierceness hardly paralleled. He had the fiery temperament of the land in which he was born and resided. Both Pelagius and Augustine were mighty in the Scriptures and eminent textualists, and neither of them was at any loss in resorting to scriptural phrases to support his peculiar views. Augustine relied, as so-called orthodoxy has ever since done, on the Pauline Epistles. Pelagius, we may well imagine, would draw his inferences more from the Gospels and Acts and the Epistle of James. Dr. Osgood says they were "the Paul and James of the church in its imperial age;" he continues, "Like Paul, Augustine had been converted, as it seemed to him, by a direct sign from heaven, after a life of fierce passion; like James, Pelagius had been, apparently, a disciple from the beginning, and had no violent nature to subdue."

But the influence of Augustine was very great, and it was exerted not only to the establishment of his own system, but to the putting down by the human

arm that of his opponent. He preached and he wrote vigorously against Pelagianism, yet Pelagius himself he treated respectfully, "even affectionately"—in this respect a shining example to many an intolerant defender of what is deemed the true faith, who appears to have thought that to abuse, insult, misrepresent an adversary, is the first of Christian duties. Augustine stoutly defended original sin, the imputation of Adam's guilt to all his posterity, and that baptism alone could wash this guilt away. Yet he thought that what he termed "persevering grace" was the arbitrary gift of God, whilst those to whom it was not afforded must perish everlastingly. He appears to have been the first who said that the good works of the heathen were nothing but "splendid sins."

Still, however kindly Augustine may have spoken of Pelagius and his friends, it did not hinder him from joining in the public and authoritative condemnation of their doctrines, and in giving his voice for their banishment from Italy. We are informed that Pelagius, "after escaping censure from the council of Diospolis, was subsequently condemned by Pope Zosimus (who had hitherto protected Celestius), and was banished from Italy by an edict of the Emperor Honorius in 418." From this time the accounts of this excellent man are uncertain and vague. He was a native of what was then a very obscure part of the world, hardly recognized as within the pale of civilization. His doctrines also were unpopular. They were condemned by the civil and ecclesiastical power; to uphold them was to risk reputation, if not to invite persecution. But so it has been from the beginning. If in this world only reformers such as Pelagius have hope in Christ, they must be of all men the most miserable; but knowing in whom they have trusted, their faith is their exceeding great reward.

Yet though condemned by Rome and Africa, and obliged to avoid the storm raised against him by returning to his own country, Pelagius found many favourers of his opinions there, and he had the satisfaction of seeing them embraced generally in Britain and the neighbouring provinces of Gaul. He and his fast and faithful friend Celestius were greatly upheld by Agricola, a Roman of high

rank there; and no doubt he proved to them a powerful protector, just as many centuries after John Wicliffe found the celebrated John of Gaunt, the father of Henry the Fourth, a tower of defence against the bigots of the day. The spread of Pelagianism gave alarm to the orthodox on the continent, and two Churchmen of rank were commissioned to protest against it to the civil authorities. Whilst they remained in the island their labours had partial success, but no sooner had they departed than the heresy was again manifested, and continued to spread for some years. The party in power was not, however, to be thus baffled. Other searchers after heresy returned to Britain; the arm of the State was invoked, and its powers were put forth. The leaders of the Pelagians were banished, the prejudices of the people having been effectually stirred against them. We know not whether Pelagius himself was of the number of those sent into unwilling exile; we would gladly believe that ere this untoward event took place he had found that spot where the weary are at rest—had gone to the abode of the pious dead, there to await in sweet and peaceful slumber that call which would welcome him to the kingdom prepared from the foundation of the world. But wherever his ashes reposed, his influence did not cease with his life; his works followed him, and by them, though dead, he yet spake. His doctrines have always proved a leaven of righteousness and for good in the church, and in every age their liberal and their humanizing tendency have been acknowledged and acted on. To use once more the language of Dr. Osgood, these "doctrines shew traces of themselves in the remains of the Celtic Church, whether we consider the monks of Iona in the Hebrides or of Lermi in France, or whether we look to the Culdees of Scotland and Ireland." It may be added that in all the more marked epochs of the Church, Pelagianism has largely entered into the controversies that have abounded; it is yet the devoutly cherished faith of those whom no man can number, and the probability is that it will still increase in the understandings and the hearts of men, till its opposite—Antinomianism—be banished therefrom for ever.

WITCHCRAFT.

WHEN the New-England Puritans had ceased to persecute the Quakers and Anabaptists, they soon after fell into another madness of a yet more extraordinary and dangerous kind, which, like some epidemical disease, ran through the whole country, and which is perhaps one of the most extraordinary delusions recorded in history.

In New England there is a town called Salem. One Paris, who was a minister there, had two daughters troubled with convulsions; which being attended with some of those extraordinary appearances not unfrequent in such disorders, he imagined they were bewitched. As soon as he concluded upon witchcraft as the cause of the distemper, the next inquiry was how to find out the person who had bewitched them. He cast his eyes upon an Indian servant-woman of his own, whom he frequently beat and used with such severity that she at last confessed herself the witch, and was committed to gaol, where she lay for a long time.

The imaginations of the people were not yet sufficiently heated to make a very formal business of this; therefore they were content to discharge her from prison after a long confinement, and to sell her as a slave for her fees.

However, as this example set the discourse about witchcraft afloat, some people, troubled with a similar complaint, began to fancy themselves likewise bewitched. Persons in an ill state of health are naturally fond of finding out causes for their distempers, especially such as are extraordinary and call the eyes of the public upon them. There was perhaps something of malice in the affair besides. For one of the first objects whom they fixed upon was Mr. Burroughs, a gentleman who had formerly been minister of Salem; but upon some of the religious disputes which divided the country he differed with his flock and left them. This man was tried, with two others, for witchcraft, by a special commission of oyer and terminer, directed to some of the gentlemen of the best fortunes, and reputed to be of the best understandings in the country. Before these judges a piece of evidence was delivered the most weak and childish, the

most repugnant to itself and to common sense, that perhaps ever was known upon any serious occasion. Yet by those judges, upon that evidence and the verdict founded upon it, this minister, a man of men, of a most unexceptionable character, and two others, men irreproachable in their lives, were sentenced to die, and accordingly hanged. Then these victims of the popular madness were stripped naked, and their bodies thrown into a pit, half covered with earth, and left to the discretion of birds and wild beasts. Upon the same evidence, in a little time after, sixteen more suffered death, the greatest part of them dying in the most exemplary sentiments of piety, and with the strongest professions of their innocence. One man, refusing to plead, suffered in the cruel manner the law directs on that occasion, by a slow pressure to death.

The imaginations of the people, powerfully affected by these shocking examples, turned upon nothing but the most gloomy and horrid ideas. The most ordinary and innocent actions were metamorphosed into magical ceremonies, and the fury of the people augmented in proportion as this gloom of imagination increased. The flame spread with rage and rapidity into every part of the country. Neither the tenderness nor the infirmity of age, nor the honour of the sex, nor the sacredness of the ministry, nor the respectable condition of fortune or character, was the least protection. Children of eleven years old were taken up for sorceries. The women were stripped in the most shameful manner to search them for magical tests. The scorbutic stains common on the skins of old persons were called the devil's pinches. This was indisputable evidence against them. As such they admitted every idle flying report, and even stories of ghosts, which they honoured with a name not found in our law books. They called them spectral evidence.

It is not difficult to imagine the deplorable state of this province, when all men's lives depended upon the caprice and folly of diseased and distracted minds; when revenge and malice had a full opportunity of wreaking themselves in a most dreadful and bloody manner by an instrument that was always in readiness, and to which the public frenzy gave a certain and dangerous effect. What was

a yet worse circumstance, the wretches who suffered the torture, being not more pressed to own themselves guilty than to discover their associates and accomplices, unable to give any real account, named people at random, who were immediately taken up, and treated in the same cruel manner upon this extorted evidence. An universal terror and consternation seized upon all. Some prevented accusation and charged themselves with witchcraft, and so escaped death. Others fled the province, and many more were preparing to fly. The prisons were crowded; people were executed daily; yet the rage of the accusers was as fresh as ever, and the number of the witches and the bewitched increased every hour. A magistrate, who had committed forty persons for this crime, fatigued with so disagreeable an employment and ashamed of the share he had in it, refused to grant any more warrants. He was himself immediately accused of sorcery, and thought himself happy in leaving his family and fortune and escaping with life out of the province. A jury, struck with the affecting manner and the solemn assurances of innocence of a woman brought before them, ventured to acquit her; but the judges sent them in again, and in an imperious manner forced them to find the woman guilty, and she was hanged immediately.

The magistrates and ministers, whose prudence ought to have been employed in healing this distemper and assuaging its fury, threw in new combustible matter; they encouraged the accusers, they assisted at the examinations, and they extorted the confessions of witches. None signalized their zeal more upon this occasion than Sir Wm. Phips, the governor, a New-England man of the lowest birth and yet meaner education; who, having raised a sudden fortune by a lucky accident, was knighted, and afterwards made governor of the province. Dr. Encrease Mather and Dr. Cotton Mather, the pillars of the New-England church, were equally sanguine. Several of the most popular ministers, after twenty executions had been made, addressed Sir William Phips with thanks for what he had done, and with exhortations to proceed in so laudable a work.

The accusers, encouraged in this manner, did not know where to stop, nor

how to proceed. They were at a loss for objects. They began at last to accuse the judges themselves. What was worse, the nearest relations of Mr. Encrease Mather were involved, and witchcraft began to approach the governor's own family. It was now high time to give things another turn. The accusers were discouraged by authority. One hundred and fifty who lay in prison were discharged. Two hundred more were under accusation; they were passed over; and those who had received sentence of death were reprieved, and in due time pardoned. A few cool moments shewed them the gross and stupid error which had carried them away, and which was utterly invisible to them all the while they were engaged in this strange prosecution. They grew heartily ashamed of what they had done. But what was infinitely mortifying, the Quakers took occasion to attribute all this mischief to a judgment on them for their persecution. A general fast was appointed, praying God to pardon all the errors of his servants and people in a late tragedy raised amongst them by Satan and his instruments.

This was the last paroxysm of the Puritanic enthusiasm in New England. This violent fit carried off so much of that humour, that the people there are now grown somewhat like the rest of mankind in their manners, and have much abated of their persecuting spirit.

It is not an incurious speculation to consider these remarkable sallies of the human mind out of its ordinary course. Whole nations are often carried away by what would never influence one man of sense. The cause is originally weak, and to be suppressed without great difficulty; but then its weakness prevents any suspicion of mischief until it is too late to think of suppressing it at all. In such cases, the more weak, improbable and inconsistent any story is, the more powerful and general is its effect, being helped on by design in some, by folly in others, and kept up by contagion in all. The more extraordinary the design, the more dreadful the crime, the less we examine into the proofs. The charge and the evidence of some things is the same. However, in some time the minds of people cool, and they are astonished how they ever came to be so affected.

THE CHILD'S QUESTIONINGS.

[Questions of a child, when looking at an engraving of Rubens' "Descent from the Cross."]

"Does he still wear that crown of thorns,
and does he wear it now?"

Thus asked my little child.

"Who put it on? Why did they hurt
the living Saviour's brow,
The Saviour meek and mild?"

"No, darling child! No crown of thorns
the blessed Jesus wears;

He is in heaven now!

There can no pain or sorrow come! A
glorious crown he wears
Upon his holy brow."

"Who took it off? I see it there;—I
see it on the ground,

That dreadful crown of thorn:

And who are they, those weeping ones,
that mournful stand around

The body pale and torn?"

"'Twas Death's kind angel, darling
child, who took it from his head,

And those are loved ones near.

His griefs and pains are o'er;—to peace-
ful rest the holy dead

His weeping followers bear."

And as I told my little one of the Savi-
our's dying cry,

And of all his suffering love,

The large warm tears ran freely down
from her full earnest eye,

And her thoughts were raised
above.

"Shall we be with him? How I long
our blessed Lord to see

On Zion's holy hill!

And will he put his arms round us, as
yours is now round me?"

My darling asked me still.

"Beloved child! while here on earth,
eternal joys to know

The Father hath not given;

Let us together love our Lord, and
serve him here below,

And we shall meet in heaven."

MARY CARPENTER.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

DR. CHANNING IN RUSSIA.—An intelligent Russian gentleman, now travelling in this country, informs us that the book which is at present being more widely circulated and read among his countrymen than any other, is a volume of the writings of Dr. Channing. Undoubtedly the principal reason for this popularity is the interest now felt in Russia in the subject of emancipation; but the whole tone of liberal thought pervading these writings seems to find acceptance.—*Monthly Journal*.

A BATCH OF RELIGIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.—Until now we always thought it a joke that any person could advertise for "A Porter who fears the Lord and can carry a hundred-weight." One of our friends has handed us a number of advertisements cut out of the *Gospel Standard* and papers of this class. The following are a few of them: "A House-keeper wanted. One who fears God preferred."—"A situation wanted as House-keeper. The privilege of hearing the Gospel as advocated by this Magazine indispensable."—"A Plain Cook wanted. She will have the privilege of attending a Gospel ministry."—"Wanted, a situation as Parlour-maid. The privilege of hearing the truth is earnestly desired."—"Wanted, a young woman; one whose views are in accordance with the *Gospel Standard* preferred."—"Wanted by a married man a situation in an office or warehouse. His views are in accordance with this Magazine."—"To be let for the summer months a small house comfortably furnished, where the truth is preached; a small garden attached."—"Wanted, a situation as Butler in a God-fearing family." [The above are all from one page.]—"A Widowed Christian is in want of families' washing."—"To Christian Ship Captains: wanted, a berth as mate, where God's honour and man's welfare is aimed at."—"To clever Workmen, members of a Christian Church preferred."—"An Elderly Gentleman desires to reside with a religious lady."—"A Lady who has a very comfortable home, wishes to meet with a middle-aged Christian Gentleman to share it with her. She is amiable, domestic, and well educated."—"Wanted, a zealous Young Man as Minister for a Free Church. One adapted to preach the doctrines of grace and read the Liturgy with earnestness and expression."—"An Ambassador for Christ is open to supply a vacant Pulpit in town or country, with a view to the living God's reviving and confirming grace in the church, and His converting grace in the world, and preparatory to the invitation of a pastor (himself excepted, if possible)."—"We are persuaded our readers must be struck with the air and tone of both creed and cant in the above advertisements, or the exhibition of a weak, caterpillar, hedgehog kind of soul, which crumples up itself in cowardly manner from contact with the world, the school of true discipline and Christian virtue.

HON. MR. GLADSTONE'S BELIEF.—Whatever we may think in this world, I believe that the Beneficent and Almighty Father, who is above all, holds us all in His regard, and that His affection and His benevolence are not confined to a select few favoured by birth, by circumstance, or by fortune; that with an exact justice, with an unbounded love, with an unsleeping providence, he follows every one of us in our career of life from the dawn of day to the dusk of the evening and in the silent hours of the night, from the cradle in which our first wail is heard to the grave in which we finally repose.

ACCIDENTS.—In 1864, 516 lives were lost on the British coasts alone, and it is estimated that from 2000 to 3000 seamen annually go to the bottom of the sea. Almost 1000 men are annually killed right off in the mines of Great Britain, and probably at least as many injured for life. Nearly 70 people are annually killed, and at least three times as many annually wounded, by explosions of land steam-boilers in England alone. Nearly 250 people are annually killed in the streets of London, and more injuries are thus caused than on all the railways of the United Kingdom. 1707 were maimed or otherwise injured from the same cause last year in the metropolitan police districts.

WHAT YOU CAN NEVER CATCH.—Boys and girls, what is that you can never catch, though you chase after it as on the wings of the wind? You can never catch the word that has once gone out of your lips. Once spoken, it is out of your reach; do your best, you can never recall it. Therefore, take care what you say. Never speak an unkind word, an impure word, a lying word, a profane word.

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Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the Rev. R. SPEARS, 27, Grosvenor Park South, Camberwell, S., and all Business Letters to WHITFIELD, GREEN & SON, 178, Strand, W.C.